

To Save Him by crazytogether11

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-10-01 09:35:31

Updated: 2019-10-16 18:44:18

Packaged: 2019-12-12 14:25:07

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 5,104

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In the months after El moves to Ohio with the Byers, she hasn't lost hope that Hopper is out there. Desperate to find him, she listens to all the stations on her Walkman every night. One night when she finally hears who she believes to be Hopper on the radio, she knows she will do whatever it takes to figure out where it came from- even if it means traveling across the country.

1. Chapter 1

It was around 1 am. Eleven had been playing around with the stations on her walkie talkie, hoping to hear Hopper's voice at the other end. Her powers were still drained, and she had to switch stations manually.

She was about to change stations again when she heard a man's voice at the other end of the walkie. El's heart began to pound with anticipation as she held the walkie close to her mouth and called for him.

"Hop, Hop?" she yelled. She held the walkie to her ear to listen for a reply. When she was about to give up, she heard a grunt.

"Hop!" she yelled. "Where are you?"

The door to her room opened behind Eleven suddenly and she quickly turned to see who was there.

Joyce appeared in the doorway, her face filled with concern. She sighed and sat down next to Eleven, turning off the walkie.

"No!" El reached for it.

"El, we've talked about this. Hop's gone. You can't keep doing this to yourself." Joyce said softly, wrapping her arms around El.

"I heard him! He grunted." El said as tears started to well in her eyes.

"It wasn't him, El. He's gone. I saw him go."

"I...I know."

"Now go to bed, you have a big day tomorrow," Joyce said, holding out the walkie for El to take.

She gave Joyce a small smile as she took the walkie and set it on her nightstand next to Mike's picture.

"Night Joyce." El said as she went under the covers.

"Goodnight El. I'm always here if you need anything."

El smiled and turned off the light.

El awoke to the sound of Joyce's voice.

"El, Mike and Nancy will be here soon. It's time to wake up."

Joyce left the room when she saw her eyes start to flutter open, adjusting to the light. She climbed out of bed and picked out her outfit. One of Hop's old flannels, a white tank top, and a pair of jeans. She tied her hair back with a yellow scrunchie and checked her wrist for Sarah's blue hair band that Hop had given her. Yup, still there.

El left her room and headed down the small staircase that lead to the kitchen. Will was sitting at the table with Jonathan. A plate stacked with golden brown waffles sat in the middle of the table. They weren't eggos, but they would do.

After breakfast, El, Jonathan and Will sat on their steps and waited for Mike to pull into the driveway. It was a beautiful fall day. The cool autumn breeze blew the leaves around in the yard. El kept her focus on a tiny red maple leaf that fluttered about in the wind.

"I can't believe Mike has his license already," Jonathan said, causing Eleven to wake from her daze.

"I can't wait to get mine." Will replied.

"What is a license?" asked El.

Joyce came out onto the patio and joined them on the steps. She took a seat next to El.

"It is what you need to get if you want to drive legally." Joyce said.
"It's a form of identification too."

"Oh," El replied, looking at her wrist. "Like my wrist?"

"No sweetie. It's a card with your picture and information on it."

"Oh, okay." El looked down at her feet, feeling slightly embarrassed.

She had so many things to learn.

After about 20 minutes of waiting. Mike finally pulled into the driveway in his white Ford Escort. His parents had bought him a used car after he got his license, something Joyce could never afford to do.

El ran down the driveway and into Mike's arms, too distracted to have noticed Nancy getting out of the car and meeting Jonathan for a sweet embrace.

"It's been so long," El said, her hand cupping Mike's cheek.

"I missed you El." Mike smiled brightly at her.

"I have to tell you something," El said. "Something I couldn't tell you on the phone."

"What is it?" Mike asked.

"I need to tell you in private." El said quietly.

Mike's mind raced. What could El possibly have to tell him that she couldn't say on the phone? Was it something she'd be too embarrassed to say in front of Joyce? Oh no. Mike thought. Please don't let it be about her period.

"Hey Mike!" Will said excitedly. "How are you doing?"

"Pretty good, how are you?" Mike replied.

"We've been adjusting." Will said.

But El knows Mike hasn't been "pretty good", and neither has she. They called each other every night since El had moved to Ohio with the Byers. It was as if El was back in the upside down, except now she was safe.

For all she knew.

Mike had been having a rough time without her. He spent the first few days without her completely avoiding the basement; it reminded him too much of her. But now, at least for a few days, they'd get to

be with each other.

"We're going to my room."

"Okay," Will said. "I'll see you guys later."

Will couldn't help but feel left out. Mike just drove hours to visit and now he's just spending time with El and not him. He sighed as they left.

El lead Mike to her room. "Leave the door open 3 inches," El thought and smiled to herself. She followed Mike into the room and left the door open slightly.

They sat on the bed next to each other and El took Mike's hands into her own.

"I missed you Mike. I'm glad you're here."

He smiled. "I missed you too, El. So much."

"Can I tell you something?" El asked.

"Yeah?"

Please don't be her period. Please don't be her period, thought Mike.

"I was playing with the Walkman channels last night and-"

"El..."

El had told Mike of all her attempts to contact Hopper on her Walkman as she did with Will in the upside-down. All of them up until now were failures, but she refused to give up on him. After all, Hop would never give up on her.

"Mike, friends don't lie. Please just listen to me."

Mike nodded. "Alright."

Grateful to have his ears on her, El continued. "I heard him grunt, Mike."

"El, you don't know if that was him."

"Why would a man randomly grunt into a Walkman?" El questioned.

"It happens all the time, El."

"Please just trust me on this," El went on. "I'll show you."

El picked up the Walkman and switched to the channel she was on last night. They stayed quiet as they listened for any noises. Suddenly, a sound erupted.

"Four four one Fairfield."

Through the static, they both knew exactly whose voice it was.

"Four four one Fairfield?" Mike muttered.

"An address." El said, locking eyes with Mike. "It has to be an address."

"Maybe that's where Hop is."

"We have to go there!" El said. "Come on, Joyce keeps her address book on the end table by the couch." El started to get up but was stopped by Mike who grabbed her by the arm.

"Hold on El. We can't just leave. We have to tell Joyce."

"No Mike, she won't believe me. I told her about last night and she thought it wasn't real. If we tell her this, she'll probably think it isn't real too."

"El, we have to."

"No Mike."

"Okay, okay." Mike said in defeat. "But we can't leave now. We'll go tonight. Does Joyce have a map anywhere?"

"Yeah, but it's in the car." El sighed.

"We'll buy one on the way. Before we make any more plans, let's

actually go see where this place is."

Mike and El walked down the hallway and into the living room. El opened a drawer on the end table and took out an address book, handing it to Mike.

He flipped the pages until he found the word "Fairfield" then scanned the page for 441.

"Here!" Mike said excitedly.

"Where is it?" El asked.

His expression changed from an ecstatic smile to a slight frown.

"Georgia...it's a hotel."

"Oh." El frowned.

"It'll take hours to get there. I don't think I have enough gas money."

"I have some money." El replied quickly.

"That's great but we don't even know if the guy on the Walkman is even Hopper."

"Then we'll find out when we get there." El said. She was determined to find him no matter what it took.

Mike closed the address book. "Okay. We'll go tonight."

El smiled widely and practically jumped into Mike's arms. She looked into his eyes, grinning from ear to ear. Mike smiled back at her. He leaned in and they kissed, heat rushing to El's face as her cheeks turned beet red.

"I love you, Mike." El whispered, her head resting on his shoulder.

"I love you too, El." Mike said. "Now let's find Hop."

2. Chapter 2

Mike lay on the floor in a sleeping bag next to Will's bed, waiting for Will to fall asleep.

"Will?" Mike waited for a reply. After waiting a few seconds with no reply, Mike decided the coast was clear. The room remained silent besides the scratchy sound of the nylon fabric as Mike slipped out of the sleeping bag.

Mike tiptoed out of the room, thankful that he snuck his suitcase back into the car after dinner the night before. He walked through the dark hallway and down the small staircase into the kitchen, spotting El who stood against the wall by the front door. She greeted him with a smile and turned the doorknob as slowly as possible.

They walked out of the house and into the darkness. Mike sat in the driver's seat and El in the passengers after placing her suitcase in the trunk. El took Mike's hand as they backed out of the driveway and onto the road.

Their journey had officially begun.

It didn't take long into the drive for Mike to discover El wasn't very good with maps. It wasn't her fault, all the lines and twists and turns were very confusing for someone who hadn't used a map in her life. He had to pull over several times to see if they were going in the right direction.

Mike couldn't help but be concerned about what Joyce would do when she found out they had left. A part of him regretted running off with El after what happened to Will. Maybe he and El hadn't really thought this through enough.

"What if Joyce calls the cops?" Mike asked, breaking the silence of the car.

"I left a note for her. She'll understand."

Mike shook his head. "El, this is serious. It's not like we're just taking

a trip to the grocery store. Joyce will be a nervous wreck."

El sighed. "I know."

Shit, what will my mom say? I hope she doesn't blame Joyce. Mike thought.

"I'm going to be grounded for life." Mike grumbled.

"It's for Hop." El reminded him.

"For Hop." Mike reaffirmed.

They had been driving a few hours when El decided to try out her powers. She tilted her head slightly forward as she tried to lift Mike's sunglasses into the air.

It took Mike one glance to know what she was doing. El told him all about her attempts to try her powers again on their nightly phone calls. One of them resulted in a broken ceiling fan, and Mike did not want to see where this one went.

"Maybe don't do that in the car." Mike said softly.

"I have control of my powers, you know." El replied, annoyed.

"I just don't think trying out your powers right now a good idea. You could accidentally break the engine or something."

Eleven groaned, leaning her head back in aggravation. "You sound like Joyce."

Mike laughed. "I think we've been in the car too long. Only a few more hours then we'll stop at a motel."

Mike waited for a reply or even another sigh from El, who remained silent. He knew something was up.

He looked over at her. Her head rest against the window, her eyes distant.

"El, what's wrong?" Mike asked.

"What if we don't find him Mike? What if we're just traveling all this way for nothing?" El said quietly.

"We've driven all this way El, we can't give up now. Even if he's not there, this has been a fun adventure." Mike said, his attention remaining on the road.

"Yeah," El smiled. "It has been a lot of fun."

Mike reached out his hand. El took it and caressed his hand with her thumb.

"I love you, Mike."

"I love you too, El."

After several hours of driving, Mike and El stopped at a motel to stay in for the night. They walked up to the receptionist's desk who greeted them with a smile.

"Hi, can we get a room please?" Mike asked.

"Of course, we only have a few rooms available at the moment. Will a single bed be okay?"

"That will be fine," Mike said, his cheeks flushed. Luckily for him, El was distracted looking at the brochures.

The receptionist handed Mike the key received the key and found the room outside. The room had a small bathroom with a shower and no tub, a small TV, and one bed with two nightstands on either side.

"It's better than I thought it'd be," El said optimistically.

"It will do." Mike said, placing their suitcases and his keys on the table. "I'll check for bed bugs."

"Bed bugs? What are bed bugs?" El asked.

"Little bugs that bite you. They get all over." Mike replied. He had always been patient with El and answered any of her questions.

He lifted the mattress and looked through the sheets. "We're good," he announced.

Mike and El got into their pajamas and El climbed into bed. Mike grabbed a pillow from the bed and took the blanket from the end of the motel bed that probably hadn't been cleaned in years. El watched in confusion as he put the pillow on the floor next to the bed.

"Aren't you sleeping in the bed with me?" El asked.

Mike glanced at El quickly then looked away as he felt his cheeks turn red hot.

"I move around a lot while I sleep. That's why I'm going to sleep on the floor," Mike lied, hoping to avoid having to explain to El why they couldn't sleep in the same bed.

"Are you sure?" El asked.

"Yes." Mike replied quickly.

"Okay, goodnight Mike."

"Night El," Mike said, grateful Eleven didn't ask any more questions.

After a quick breakfast that came with a night at the motel, Mike and El were on the road again.

"How much longer?" El asked. El was getting impatient. Her elbow rest against the car door and she propped her head up on her chin.

"About three hours." Mike replied, sighing.

El groaned with impatience.

Finally, after 13 hours in total of driving, Mike pulled into their destination.

441 Fairfield.

3. Chapter 3

"I can't believe we're finally here!" El shouted excitedly, leaning across the center console and kissing Mike on the cheek.

No matter how many times they had kissed before, El never failed to make Mike blush.

"What are we going to do when we get in there?" Mike asked. They were so focused on getting there they hadn't even come up with a plan.

"Call for him on the Walkman?" El asked.

Mike thought for a moment. They'd look suspicious if they just walked in and started looking around. They'd have to be there for a reason...

"We could say we lost our key or something." Mike said.

"Yeah, good idea," El replied.

El held onto the super-comm as they got out of the car and walked into the hotel together. The lobby was small but homey. It had a sitting area with several couches and a big fireplace. Mike held El's hand as they walked up to the receptionist desk.

She stood behind him shyly as he greeted the receptionist. "Hello sir, we are staying in room 123 and were locked out. Can we please have a spare key?"

"Sure," He replied. The man turned around to the key rack behind him and grabbed a silver key with a label that read "Room 123."

"Here you go," He said as he handed the room key to Mike.

"Thank you sir."

Once they were a good distance away El started to giggle.

"What?" Mike asked.

"Seriously, 123? Couldn't you have thought of any other number?"

"I was nervous!"

Eleven smiled. "Relax. Just teasing."

Mike grinned. He couldn't stay annoyed at El. "Let's just find a place to call Hop."

El looked around and spotted an entrance to a stairwell.

She grabbed his hand and pulled Mike to the door. They walked up the stairs and turned right, going past several rooms. They kept going until they reached the end of the hall.

El turned on the super-comm and pulled up the antenna. After making sure she was on the right channel, she held it up to her mouth and began to call for Hopper.

"Hop? Are you there?"

They waited for a reply, then tried again.

"Hop, its El. We're here to bring you home. Please respond," El pleaded.

El was about to try again when a sound came from the Walkman.

"Room...2...2...3..."

El looked to Mike. "223!" She said excitedly, immediately starting to walk down the hall to look at the room numbers to find it.

Mike grabbed El's shoulder to stop her.

"El."

El turned around to face Mike. "What?"

Mike continued. "I know it sounds just like him, but there's a chance the man on that channel on the Walkman isn't him."

"We won't know until we find the room." El said and started walking

again.

Mike followed her. "I just don't want you to get hurt El. I don't want your hopes to be crushed."

El stopped. "I know, Mike."

"Okay."

They had to walk for a few minutes before they finally made it to the rooms in the 200's. El checked every room number, counting each one as they passed. She went as fast as she could with Mike following her.

"219, 220...223!" El said excitedly. "This could be it Mike! He might be here!"

El knocked on the door with Mike standing close behind her. She smiled and tapped her foot anxiously as she waited for it to open.

The door finally opened after what seemed like forever and El looked up to see who was there. Her jaw dropped and she stepped back after seeing a face that was all too familiar to her.

Papa.

His face was scattered with scars from the demogorgan attack years ago. He still had the same wicked smile and evil eyes.

Mike's eyes widened at the sight of him.

"Shit!" Mike yelled as he grabbed El's hand and they ran to the stairwell. El looked back and saw two men in white uniforms chasing after them.

"Quick, down the stairs!" Mike shouted.

They went down the stairs as fast as they could. Mike pushed the door out of the stairwell open and they sprinted through the lobby and out the door.

They ran as fast as they could to Mike's car in the parking lot.

Thankfully there hadn't been too many spaces close to the front door so they parked far away.

"Unlock the car!" El screamed. She watched the door of the hotel and saw the two men looking for them.

Mike unlocked the doors and got inside. Mike started the car and put it in reverse and drove out of the parking lot.

In the rear view mirror they could see the men start to get in their cars. They both were out of breath as Mike stepped on the gas and changed lanes to get to the nearest exit to the highway.

"Do you see them?" Mike fumbled as he turned the rear view mirror towards him so he could see.

"Mike, focus on the road!" El yelled.

"Are they behind us?"

El turned her head to the back window and scanned the road behind them for the men's cars.

"I don't see them, Mike."

"Good."

El joined Mike in a sigh of relief. They were both in shock. The car remained silent for the first few minutes of driving.

Mike broke the silence.

"How the hell is he alive?"

El covered her face with her hands. "There's no way..."

Mike glanced at her. "It was him, El. It had to be."

She looked over to Mike, who was focused on the road. "Then where's Hopper?"

"Papa must have him. He must've used him to get you."

"We have to go back!"

"El, we can't go back. I need you safe. I promised Hop I would take care of you." Mike said, thinking back to the time he, El, and Max were headed towards the station wagon and Hop called him over. "*Mike, be careful,*" echoed in his mind.

"He needs us," El pleaded.

Mike sighed. "I know El. He'd never forgive me if something happened to you if we saved him. He'd want you safe too."

Mike was right. Hopper would want her safe.

"Then where do we go now?"

"Back to Ohio. We have to tell Joyce and Doctor Owens as soon as we see a payphone. They have to know he's alive and he's after you."

El nodded.

Mike took the next exit and turned into the first gas station he saw. Mike and El got out of the car and walked to the phone-booth. He withdrew a quarter from his pocket and pushed it into the slot. He entered the phone number as quickly as he could. It rang for a few seconds before Will picked up.

"Hello?" Will answered.

"It's Mike. I don't have much time to explain. Tell Joyce Brenner is alive and is after El. We're coming home now."

"Mike! Where the hell are you guys? My mom is worried sick."

"A gas station in Georgia. Please Will, just promise me you'll tell Joyce?"

"Of course. Are you guys safe?" Will asked.

"For now. The men tried to follow us but we lost them before they could catch up to us. I'm running out of time Will, just tell Joyce."

"Okay... bye Mike."

Mike said goodbye and hung up the phone.

"What did he say?" El asked as Mike left the phone-booth and they walked back to the car.

"He's going to tell Joyce. She's worried sick."

El sighed. "I should've just told her about Hop. She might've come with us."

"I doubt she'd bring us El. She wouldn't want you in danger either."

They got in the car and Mike started the engine, looking in his rear view mirror for any cars behind him.

Unbeknownst to Mike and El, two white vans sat in the parking lot across the street, watching and waiting.

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

After driving for a few hours Mike pulled over so he and El could stretch their legs. They decided against stopping at a rest stop since they'd have to drive a couple more miles.

Mike got out of the car and met El on the passenger side. She held the super-comm in her right hand. Since they left the hotel she refused to let her eyes off of it. She had to know if Hopper was okay.

Mike glanced at El who was now calling out for Hop on the super-comm.

"Anything?" He asked, wrapping his arm around her shoulders.

El shook her head in disappointment. "No."

Mike sighed. "Brenner probably took the super-comm away from him."

El nodded and looked down on the ground. She still hadn't gotten over the shock that Brenner survived the attack. Not only was he alive, but he was going after her again. She wondered what he would do when he found out she lost her powers.

El couldn't deny that she was scared. She thought back to the lab. The sterile smell of disinfectants, her small, plain bedroom. The stuffed lion Brenner had given her. The white hospital gown. It was all too familiar.

She looked to Mike who could see the fear in her eyes. He wrapped his other arm around her and pulled her close into a tight embrace.

"It'll be okay, El. I promise." Mike said softly.

El hugged him even tighter than before. "Thank you Mike."

Mike's smile faded away as he spotted a white van pulled over a few yards away from them. He didn't have any time to react as a man

dressed in blue raised his gun and pointed it towards him. El looked at him confused for a moment but then looked to her right and saw him.

"Get in the truck or I'll shoot the boy," the man said. Two other men ran across the road and slashed the tires. El's eyes widened.

Mike stepped in front of her. "Shoot me then, I dare you."

Another man stepped out of the truck.

Brenner.

"Don't shoot the boy. We can use him," He said calmly as he walked slowly to stand beside the man dressed in blue.

"Grab the boy first." Brenner demanded.

Four men ran to Mike and grabbed him by the arms and legs as he thrashed and kicked to try and get away.

El screamed. "Mike!"

"Run El!" Mike yelled back as he was carried away to a van.

"Go!"

It was too late. Four other men grabbed El by the arms and started dragging her away to Brenner's van. She dropped the super-comm in the process.

"Mike, Mike!" El cried. They opened the van's doors and shoved her in. One of the men locked her in using a pair of handcuffs attached to a seat-belt.

"Doesn't she have powers?" El heard one of the men whisper.

The other man nodded. "Yeah, but she lost a lot of energy defeating that thing in Hawkins."

The van's doors slammed shut. A thick glass wall blocked the front of the van from the back. El watched through the glass as the man in

blue sat in the driver's seat and Brenner in the passenger's seat.

"Now?" the man asked.

"Now." Brenner replied.

A foggy gas began to disperse throughout the van. El covered her mouth and nose with her hand but it was not enough to block it from her system. She lay on the floor of the van and drifted off to sleep.

El woke up in a daze. *Where am I?* El thought. She realized she was in a bed and a blanket covered her body. She looked around the room and could see Mike in a bed on the other side of the room.

"Mike!" El said weakly. She dragged herself out of bed and used her remaining energy to run towards him. She slammed into a glass wall.

El shook her head. "No! Mike!" She banged on the glass with her fists.

She watched as Mike sat up in his bed and looked around. She locked eyes with him and he got out of bed and ran towards her just as she did moments before.

"It's glass, Mike. It's glass."

Mike stopped just before the glass. He reached out his hand and felt it then put his hand into a fist and knocked on it.

An announcement sounded from a speaker above them.

"Eleven, get back to bed."

El and Mike looked at each other through the glass and remained still.

The speaker sounded again. "

"Eleven, a special visitor is coming," the speaker announced.

El had a strong feeling on who it could be.

The door opened and revealed Brenner who stepped into the room nonchalantly.

"My dear Eleven. It is so nice to have you home again."

"This is not home." El said angrily.

Brenner paced back and forth along the glass wall. "Oh Eleven. How the world outside has fooled you. You are special, you belong here."

"I'm not stupid. I won't fall for your tricks this time."

"I'm afraid that's not an option, my dear." He kept his eyes on El as he said, "Bring in the chair and razor. We have work to get done and her hair will get in the way."

Razor?

El thought back to Hawkins Lab. Her hair falling down onto the tile floor. The buzz of the electric razor. It was normal for her back then.

She couldn't let that happen to her again.

A man brought in a chair and put it near an electrical outlet. Brenner left the room without another word.

"Sit," the man pointed to Mike and continued, "or he doesn't get fed."

El begrudgingly sat in the chair. She faced the window that separated her and Mike. Mike watched as the man plugged in the electric razor into the wall.

"You can bang on the window all you want. You aren't getting in."

Mike ignored him and continued to bang on the window. He had to get to her.

The man grabbed the razor and turned it on.

Mike was going crazy. He gave up on banging the window and knelt by the window. His face was red with anger. He fell to the ground and put his hands on his head. A tear ran down his cheek. There was nothing he could do.

El's hands were in fists at her sides. She watched Mike from her chair

in his despair. She fumed inside with anger. She turned her head and concentrated on the razor, thinking back to memories from her past. Flipping the train, tearing the Mind Flayer to pieces, crushing a can of Coke.

El's heart raced as she flung the razor out of his hands and moved it across his neck. He made a choking sound and fell to the floor. Blood gushed all over the floor and a few drops fell onto El's face. Mike's jaw dropped as he watched from behind the glass.

The door to her side of the room opened and Brenner entered with a wicked smile.

"Oh, my dear Eleven, I'm so proud of you."